THE FAIRY'S BRIDAL.

The last beams of departing day enlightened a beautiful garden in the interior of Persia, whose breezes were laden with the perfumes of the orange, and whose air was stirred by the sounds of music, softer and more sweet than mortal voice could produce. It was the birth-day of the fairy queen. She was resting sweetly on the bosom of a rose. Around her were gathered the most beautiful fairies, seeking encouragement from her eye. She waved her pearly wand and all was silent, save the gentle rustling of the leaves which formed her rosy bower. A sweet smile shone on her countenance as she sportively said,

"As a punishment for your presumption in aspiring to win my affections, I banish you from my presence for the space of one year, and at the expiration of that time, he who brings me the most acceptable relic shall reign with me."

They all eagerly left her presence, wandering through every region, until the appointed time, when they again awaited her decision. A fairy rushed before the rest, whose sparkling eye plainly told that he thought his gift the most acceptable that could be produced.

"I have wandered," said he, "through all the kingdoms of the earth, and visited the courts of the most powerful sovereigns, but found no treasure that I deemed of sufficient value for you, until I arrived at Great Britain; I saw with pleasure the prosperity of that great and powerful nation, but was filled with astonishment, when I learned that the regal sceptre was borne by a young female. I hastened to her court and stole the

brightest jewel from her crown, which I now present to you, not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a relic which may remind you of what woman can be."

Another softly approached, and kneeling, presented his offering.

"I have passed the year," said he, "among the loveliest of the earth, and sought in hall and bower for one who possessed charms of person heightened by those of intellect and purity of mind. At length a fair being crossed my path, who seemed to possess every charm in its highest perfection. She was to me like a being sent from some celestial sphere, to show what mankind might have been if our first parents had never sinned, and after cheering this world for a while by her transcendant loveliness to vanish into heaven. She appeared but seldom in the gay throng, for her pure and gentle spirit loved retirement better than the dissipated, the heartless crowd. I followed her to her retreat; but soon perceived by the unnatural brilliancy of her eye, and the hectic flush upon her cheek that the fell destroyer had marked her for his victim. Day and night I hovered over her pillow, as she seemed gradually fading away like a lovely flower. One beautiful evening she awoke from a tranquil Slumber, and gazing on all around with a celestial sweetness, she breathed them a last farewell. They raised her from her pillow, but the spirit had departed to that holier clime where sorrow is unknown; although in death the smile had not left her countenance. I stole one of the auburn ringlets, which even in death clustered around her polished brow, and bore it with me to your throne." He laid the gift on her extended hand, and turned away

Another came.

“I have spent the year,” said he, “among the genii of the earth. I watched over a young poet as he toiled night and day to win the laurels awarded to him who was most favored by the muses. His soul seemed to have thrown off the shackles of mortality, and to hold communion with the spirits of the air. And when at last he was victorious, I plucked a laurel from the wreath which encircled his brow, which I now present to you.”

Another came.

“I saw,” said he, “amid my wanderings, a splendid company entering a church, and hastily joined them. They had assembled to witness the baptism of their infant prince. I hovered over the sacred fount, and when the water was flung from consecrated hands upon the princely brow of him who was in future years to hold dominion over a large and powerful nation, I gathered up the glittering drops and brought them to shine as pearls upon your diadem.”

And yet another came.

“I was attracted,” said he, “by the sound of the clamor to a field of battle. I watched the contending parties until shouts of joy informed me that the victory was decided. I saw the conquering army leave the field, and attention was paid to many of the wounded, yet one remained unnoticed in the distance. It was not long before a lovely being came, attired in the robe of the sisters of charity. She knelt by the side of the sufferer, and wiped the damps of death from his brow, but his life was fast ebbing away. She placed the crucifix which hung

by her side in the hand of the sufferer, who slowly raised it to his lips, while she breathed a fervent prayer, that his spirit might be received by him who gave it. As his last faint sigh breathed on her ear a tear stole down her cheek. I caught the pearly drops and bore it to your throne."

At last the most beautiful of all the fairies came before her, and it was evident from the pleasure that glistened in her eye, that his gift would be acceptable to her. "You are aware," said he, "that I have been before this banished from your presence in search of adventure. I was also present amid scenes of warfare. I watched the patriots of injured, oppressed Poland, as they sacrificed their lives and fortunes on the altar of liberty. After one desperate conflict, I saw the leader of the patriot band as he lay expiring on the field of battle. A lovely form hung over him, bearing an infant in her arms, their loved and only child. He turned his glazing eye to heaven, and said in a feeble voice, ' Oh thou father of the fatherless guide and guard these loved onea through this changing world Then turning to her he said, Farewell till we meet again in that blest world where the chains of the oppressor are broken and the oppressed go free Even in this afflictive moment the husband and father were lost in the patriot, for his last breath was spent in prayer that Poland might be free, and I caught the last drop of that heart's blood which had been so nobly spent By magic power I changed it to a brilliant gem which I present to you." She extended her hand to him, and suffered him to lead her to their loveliest bower, while all burst forth in strains more gladsome than before, to welcome the united sovereigns of the fairy realm.

Emma.

Yonker's Female Seminary, 1841.

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION. 1842.